

The Engineer's Story.

Man, stranger? Yes, she's purty an' a smart as the kin be. Clever? Wyl she ain't no chicken but she's good enough for me. What's her name? This kind o' common yit I ain't ashamed to tell. She's a "Fidder." Filkin's daughter an' her dad he calls her "Nell."

I was drivin' on the "Central" jist about a year ago. On the run from Winemucca up to Reno in Washoe. There's no end o' sneaky places. Tain't a road for one who dreams. With its curves an' awful trees over rocks an' mountain streams.

Twus in afternoon in August, we had got behind an hour. An' was tearin' up the mountain like a summer thunder-shower. Round the bends an' by the ledges 'bout as fast as we could go. With the mountain peaks above us an' the river down below.

Es we come high to a tree's cross a boiler, deep an' wild. Suddenly I saw a baby, twus the station-keeper's wife along the timbers with a bold an' fearless tread. Right afore the locomotive, not a hundred rods ahead.

I jist jumped an' grabbed the throttle an' I fairly held my breath. Fur I felt I couldn't stop her till the child was crushed to death. When a woman sprang afore me like a sudden streak o' light. Caught the boy an' twixt the timbers in a second sank from sight.

I jist whistled all the brakes on. An' we worked with might an' main. Till the fire flew from the drivers, but we couldn't stop the train. An' it rumbled on above her. How she screamed as we rolled by. An' the river roared below us—I shall hear her till I die!

Then we stop't the sun was shinin'; I ran back along the ridge. An' I found her—dead! No! livin'! She was hangin' to the bridge. Where she drop't down thro' the crossties, with one arm about a baby, who was yellin' fur to kill!

So we saved 'em. She was griddy. She's ez smart as the kin be. Now we're married; she's no chicken but she's good enough for me. An' of eny ask who owns her, wyl I ain't ashamed to tell. She's a "Fidder." Filkin's daughter "Nell."

—Rugene J. Hall, in the Current.

SLIGHTLY MIXED.

A bright moonlight night and a gay party. Peals of laughter in all keys float through the keen frosty air as sleigh load after sleigh load drive away from a brightly lit mansion, until the street seems filled with the dashing sleighing party.

One, a small, shell-like creation drawn by a single black horse, leads the party. Its occupants are Mr. Harold Greystone and his sister, Miss Nellie. Mr. Greystone, after wrapping his sister in the fur robes, devotes himself to putting his horse at a speed that promises to leave the remainder of the party in the distance. For some reason Mr. Greystone does not seem to share the exuberant spirits of the rest of the party. On the contrary, he seems a good deal put out, to say the least, and his usually good-humored countenance is overcast. His heavy black brows are drawn together, and, in spite of the sweeping mustache, one can note the firm expression that lurks around the mouth.

Altogether he looks very grim. Miss Nellie thinks, as she turns herself and surveys him.

She is very small herself, and being buried to the chin in wraps, it is a work of time to turn her sufficiently to see his face. Noting his expression, she began cautiously:

"Harold, aren't you driving the horse too fast? See, the others are away behind."

"We will arrive all the sooner for supper, sis," was the reply.

"O, well, but the oysters are not put on to cook yet, so we needn't hurry on that score."

Harold reluctantly pulled up his horse a little, and looking back he growled:

"That fool, Douglass, will dawdle enough for the whole party. It's a great wonder he would consent to drive a load. However, if my Lady Blanche wanted to go in the load he would not object. It's a mystery to me how as sensible a girl as Blanche Leslie can tolerate such an idiot in her presence. But, pshaw, there is no mystery about it. If a fellow has a full purse it makes no difference whether he possesses any brains or not. G'lang Jim," slapping the horse savagely with the reins.

"Harold, did you ask Blanche to go with you?"

"No, by Jove, I didn't. I am not quite such a fool as that. My Lady Blanche will find that she cannot twist every one around her finger like Douglass."

"I don't think you need be so hard on Blanche. She isn't crazy after rich people at all. We are not rich, and I'm sure she is always goodness itself, though you do put on awful airs and treat her like she was the veriest stranger. As for Mr. Douglass, almost everyone likes him, if he is a little soft. But Blanche isn't the least bit in love with him."

"No, not in love with him, but his pocket-book, I never supposed she was in love with him."

"Harold Greystone, I am ashamed of you. You know there isn't a word of truth in what you say. There, I am glad we have got there at last. I feel chilly in spite of wraps."

Harold lifted his charge from the sleigh and placed her on the steps of the hotel, where the party have planned a dance, to be followed by an oyster supper. The evening is heartily enjoyed by all, with the exception, perhaps, of Harold Greystone. The sight of Miss Leslie smilingly accepting the attentions offered by young Douglass rendered the evening anything but pleasant to him. It is true he had no right to complain. Nellie was right when she said his own pride had erected the barrier between them. The fact that while Miss Leslie's parents are grown wealthier within late years, his own had grown poorer, was obstacle enough to Harold. He did not fancy the name of fortune hunter. He told himself she had totally forgotten the old days when they were on an equal footing, and, no doubt, she was ashamed to remember her preference for himself. But he would not presume on that now. Douglass might win her, and he would not lay a straw in his way.

All this and a great deal more ran through his head as he gaily talked and danced with a particular rival of Blanche's, who seemed determined to bring him to her feet.

When at last the party concluded to turn their steps homeward Harold seized his own particular charge from a crowd of hooded and muffled figures

and speedily had her in the sleigh, completely enveloped in the robes.

"Now, sis, remember you are not to move or hardly speak on the way home, else you will be laid up with an awful cold and have a red nose, and then you cannot see your dear Fred when he arrives to-morrow. After dancing so much and eating a warm supper you must be doubly careful, and if I hear a sneeze, home you stay for the rest of the winter, my child," which cheerful remarks he emphasized by a gentle shaking.

"You need not be absolutely dumb. Just nod your head to signify your approval of my remarks. Did you have a good time?"

A perceptible moving back and forth was his answer.

"Yes, every one had a splendid time, myself in particular. I entertained myself in watching Douglass play the clown to Miss Leslie's amusement. He did it to perfection. By George, I should have thought so many sweet smiles would have made her sick. Shows how much a woman can stand when she makes up her mind to it, and I suppose her mind is made up, don't you?"

A decided negative is indicated by his companion's movements.

"Humph! I firmly believe she intends to marry Douglass sooner or later, probably to-morrow. Why, don't you think she does, sis? You can unloosen that shawl or scarf, or whatever it is, enough to let me hear the sound of your voice. I'm getting lonesome. What did you say?"

"I don't think Blanche likes Mr. Douglass very well," was the barely audible reply.

"The deuce you don't! Oh, well! but you are mistaken, I know. Don't she show him all sorts of favors, dancing with him repeatedly, even giving him the dance she used to always give to me, and that I should have enjoyed so much to-night?"

"Did you ask her for it?" murmured the figure at his side.

"Ask her for it? Not I. Though, to tell the truth, Nellie, I was awfully tempted to. If she had vouchsafed me one friendly glance I would undoubtedly have made a fool of myself."

Some violent emotion seemed to be agitating his companion, and her struggles attracted the attention of Mr. Greystone; he shook her vehemently.

"Now, Nellie, I positively forbid you taking off a single shawl," and he attempted to readjust her wraps, but the lady resisted his well-intended efforts, and in a trice had torn the veil from her face and displayed to his astonished gaze the laughing countenance of Blanche Lester.

"Pray go on with your remarks, Mr. Greystone. Your style, though a little peculiar, is nevertheless highly entertaining. I don't know when I have enjoyed a ride so much. Aren't you afraid we shall upset if we don't keep to the road?" for the horse was following its own sweet will and meandering along the roadside in an aimless fashion, while the driver was staring at his companion in utter amazement.

"What—an utter-idiot I have been," his power of speech coming back to him by jerks. "Where is Nellie, and how on earth did you get her, Blanche?"

"Oh, Nellie wanted to ride home with the load—I think she was tired of your company, sir—and I hadn't the heart to refuse her when she wanted me to take her place."

"And you have been listening to all my idiotic talk! What must you think of me? Can you ever forgive me for the way I have talked, and," laying his hand on her arm, "tell me, Blanche, that you loathe and despise that fellow Douglass."

"But I do not loathe and despise Mr. Douglass. On the contrary, I consider him one of the pleasantest young men I know. But what do you want to talk of Mr. Douglass for? Are you so infatuated with him that you cannot talk of anything else?"

"I infatuated with him! I heartily detest the man. I wanted to knock him down every time he looked at you to-night. Blanche, darling," slipping his arm adroitly around her waist, "tell me, do you care even a little for me? Are you perfectly indifferent to me, when I have worshiped you all my life?"

"It would serve you right if I hated you, and I don't see why I don't, after the way you have treated me—never to come near me or speak to me at all," with a most reproachful glance.

"But you don't hate me, do you, Blanche?"

"No—I don't," she confessed.

Mr. Greystone's horse lagged in a most unaccountable fashion the last half of the way home, but everything must have been very harmonious, for the first time Mr. Greystone met Mr. Douglass he hailed him with such hearty good humor as to fill that gentleman with wonder, and he marveled greatly what had come over that gruff fellow, Greystone. "By Jove, he used to hardly speak to a fellow."

Some Suggestions Concerning Rats.

An attempt to catch rats by traps or by poisoning them suddenly will fail. Old rats know too much, and can only be caught by kindness. To destroy them, give them a good meal every day. Do not put any poison in the food, but simply prepare a dish for them daily, as a free lunch, composed of corn-meal moistened with milk, into which an egg and a little salt (to season) have been beaten. At first they may not touch it, but keep it before them, making it fresh daily. They will soon try a little, and if not injurious their suspicions will be allayed. In a week or ten days they will expect it, and every rat on the place will be at the appointed place for the treat. Give them plenty of it, so as to induce all the rats in the neighborhood to join in. Do not be in a hurry to poison them. If they eat all the food, give them a larger quantity next time. As soon as they have thrown off all suspicion go to your druggist, get some phosphorus paste, or other rat-poison, mix it with the food, and be sure you give them enough and something to spare, so as to induce all to eat. They will either be killed or become so suspicious of all other food as to leave, and not a rat will remain. Hence, to destroy rats, take plenty of time, gain their confidence, and finish them when they least expect it.—Field, Farm and Stockman.

What is more disagreeable to a lady than to know that her hair not only lost its color, but is full of dandruff? Yet such was the case with mine until I used Parker's Hair Balm. My hair is now black and perfectly clean and glossy.—Mrs. E. Sweeney, Chicago.

JESUS THE TRUE VINE.

DR. JOHN HALL'S NOTES ON THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

Lesson X of the International Series For Sunday, Sept. 5—Golden Text: "I Am the Vine, Ye Are the Branches." John xv, 1-16.

The language of this lesson is more than usually familiar. Perhaps its meaning differs somewhat from the common impression. Let us try to know it, and look for God's blessing with it.

Some have supposed that the company—Jesus and the disciples—going down the steep, outside the wall, saw a vine which suggested this figure. Others have imagined a vine on the wall and its branches by the window bringing up this image; others think "the fruit of the vine" suggested the figure. But the far greater likelihood is that Jesus had in mind the new dispensation he was bringing in, and was rather teaching his disciples what they had to do in it than setting out the simple and great truth regarding union with him which is elsewhere taught. (John xiv, 19.) Now the Hebrews were used to the vine as a description of their church and nation—"a vine out of Egypt," in Ps. lxxxv, 8; "the vineyard of the Lord of hosts," in Isa. v, 7; "a noble vine," in Jer. ii, 21, Ezek. xiv, 10, etc. But (1) Israel was typical of God's whole church, with Jesus at the head. (2) Israel was, according to Hos. x, 1, an "unclean vine," and so removed. It is a "unclean vine," and so removed. It is a "unclean vine," and so removed.

Learn—(1) We may be in the church visible and yet not in heaven. We may be unfruitful, withered, dead branches. (2) Afflictions are not proofs of God's anger, but to God's people proofs of love. He is cleansing the branches for more fruit. (3) The word of God is vital; it must be in us as the sap of the tree in its branches, if they are to live and bear.

(4) The branch bears fruit after its kind—love like Christ's to the Father and to one another, joy and holy obedience.—The Sunday School Weekly.

The Mind and the Legs.

Men generally cross their legs when there is the least pressure on their minds. You will never find a man actually engaged in business with his legs crossed. The limbs at those times are straighter than at any other, because the mind and body work together. A man engaged in auditing accounts will never cross his legs; neither will a man who is writing an article, or who is employed in any manner where the brain is actively engaged; when at work in a sitting posture the limbs naturally extend to the floor in a perfectly straight line. A man may cross his legs if he is sitting in an office chair discussing some business proposition with a business man, but the instant he becomes really in earnest and perceives something to be gained, his limbs uncross quick as a flash, he bends forward toward his neighbor, and begins to use his hands. That is a phase I believe you will always observe.

Men often cross their legs at public meetings because they go there to listen or to be entertained. They are not the factors in the performance, and they naturally place themselves in the most comfortable position known to them, namely, that of leaning well back in their chairs and crossing their legs. A man always crosses his legs when he reads a newspaper, but is more apt to lie down when he reads a book. He reads the paper, of course, to inform himself, but at the same time the perusal of its contents is recreation to him, and his body again seeks its position of relaxation.

When a man is reading a newspaper and waiting for his breakfast his legs are always crossed, but as soon as the breakfast is brought to him he puts the paper aside, straightens out his legs, and goes to work—that is, he begins to eat, his mind now turning on his duties of the day before him. Men cross their legs in a ball-room but it is far from an elegant thing to do, and is not done by those who are brought up in good society. It is your "three-penny-bit young man" who crosses his legs at a ball, and, would you believe it, I have seen young ladies do the same thing.—Denver Tribune.

An Unknown Tongue.

"Hilena mo wau; heine ma Stach wola morraigh."

That's what he said, and the telegraph operator at the Central station looked at him in blank amazement. He was a small man, unshaven and unshorn, wearing a blue coat much too large for him, and baggy trousers of the same material. He was shown into the court-room and addressed himself to Magistrate Smith.

"Hilena mo wau; heine ma Stach wola morraigh."

"Better speak to the man with the red mustache," said the magistrate, indicating Clerk Moffat.

The plaintive tones of the speaker, who was evidently in great distress, went to the heart of the clerk, but he could not make out what was the trouble.

Joe Houser, who talks German in all its jaw-breaking dialects, was brought in.

"Sprechen sie Deutsch?" asked the linguistic expert.

"Hilena mo wau; heine ma Stach wola morraigh."

Russian, Prussian, Saxon, Scandinavian, Hebrew, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, French, and Danish were all tried on the poor man in the next half-hour, with like success.

"Can you speak no English at all?" asked Detective Houser, wiping the sweat from his brow after a hard struggle with Teutonic gutturals.

"Oh, yis, sor; but yez see that whiniver o' git excited o' forget meself. Yez all spoke furrin tongues an' niver thried me in English, so o' thought yez might be able to spake Orlish."

When the detective had recovered his breath he learned that the man was an immigrant who had arrived in town last night, and lost his wife. This was what he was trying to tell. The police are now hunting for the missing woman.—Philadelphia News.

Throat-ail seldom gets well of itself, but deepens until it undermines the constitution, wastes away health, strength and flesh, and finally fastens itself on the lungs, completing the wreck and ruin of the whole man. Dr. Bigelow's Positive Cure is the only safe, sure and speedy remedy for coughs, colds and all throat and lung diseases. Sold by J. C. Saur at fifty cents and one dollar. Pleasant to take and safe for children.

On a Florida Creek.

I went up a creek a mile from the Brook house (Enterprise), followed its sluggish and dirty windings between high and dead grass to its ending or head in a small pool, wherein, as I entered it, I saw one turtle, two small alligators, and two moosebats. A flock of blackbirds sat on the reeds, a little way off, and laughed at me for seeking sport among such abominations. We pushed the boat into the grass, crossed country a few rods and reached a narrow strip of open water which stretched along two or three hundred yards under the shadow of a palmetto grove. There was nowhere more than a foot of water, but it was full of animal life. Garfish were innumerable. Bream and goggle eye were luxuriating in the hot, black liquid. Bass were making furious rushes into the thick water vegetation along the shores. I took three or four with short casts close alongside of the boat, but there was no fun or no satisfaction in such angling. One can not enjoy taking fish out of water in which he sees moosebats abounding. While I sat still, studying the crowd of life in the water and on the low, muddy shores under the trees, a loud splash called my attention to three others who were fishing along toward me. They lifted up their wet heads and eyed me, not thirty feet off, and, as I remained motionless, went on plunging and emerging, either in sport or seeking food. Birds of various colors and shapes came down to their feeding-ground here, and did not seem seriously troubled to find human occupants in their little lagoon, or mud-hole. So long as I and my oarsman remained motionless, the wild Floridians, furred, feathered, and finned, accepted our presence.—Cor. Journal of Commerce.

There is what they call in England and the English colonies the royal blue button. You get one when you are received by the queen, or if it is in Australia, where I got mine, by the governor-general, who represents her. It is an ordinary-looking button, having on its exposed surface a ground-work of drab, upon which a yellowish rosette with a blue center is worked. A metal shank, with a small metal disk painted black, completes the article. In the manufacturing they must cost about 40 cents a gross. One of these is given to each person who has audience with the governor, and it is worn in the lapel of the coat as a badge of the royal favor. The governor-general is a great man in the colonies, and there is more red tape about him than can be found at Windsor Castle. When he condescends to go to the theater, his visit costs the local manager about \$200 for carpets and decorations, and then he takes such a retinue with him, all of which get in for nothing, that there is little room for the rest of the public. A funny thing concerning his visit is that as soon as he enters the door the performance must stop, the band or orchestra strikes up "God Save the Queen," and everybody in the house raises to his or her feet and turns to the royal box, remaining standing until the governor sits down. I saw a performance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" once, in Adelaide. The governor came in just as Eliza was crossing the ice, and there she had to stand in mid-stream on the tossing floes until "God Save the Queen" came to an end and the governor took his seat, when Eliza resumed her journey over the dancing ice-cakes.—Letter in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"James," said Tuffboy, Sr., it is now ten minutes past 8. I told you to be in the house at 8 precisely." "But I wanted one more slide," said Jimmy. "One more slide, sir. You are on the sliding path too much, sir. You may carry your sled into the attic for the rest of the winter, and your skates too, sir. And you will not go out of the house evenings any more, nor have any company in the house, nor make any noise whatever, and you will go to bed at 7 o'clock, and—" "Don't you think, pop," interjected Jimmy, "that the punishment fits the crime too much?" Jimmy goes sliding as usual.—Hartford Post.

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